



BEAUTIE

dishonoured - vvritten

VNDER THE TITLE OF
SHORES WIFE.

Chascun se plaist ou il se trouue mieux.



LONDON

Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe.

1593.



BEE A WIFE

TO THE RIGHT WORKS
dishonoured waited

ANDER THE TITLE OF

2 HOURS WIFE



Chicago is pleased to be proud of it



LONDON

Printed by John Wells

1833



TO THE RIGHT WORSHIP.

FULL SIR EDVVARD

Winckfield Knight.



YR since such is the industrious nature of our owne Poetes, as though Italie sleeps in the charme of a sweet Hierusalem, and France waxes proud in the weeke labours of her toyling-mused *Bartas* (the first as conceiptiuely Allegoricall, as the other is laboursome significant) yet our owne clyme, challendging vnto her selfe hardly a second esteeme, to the first: and ha- uing produced such witty, & so happy conceiptes, as wan- dering in the secrecie of some passionate Elegies, blush at their owne apparance: How might I be esteemed guiltie of myne owne disgrace, that daring to make my selfe priuie to the knowledge thereof, should not sticke, to argue my selfe improuidet, in not bequeathing to silence the first in- uention of my beginning Mule: not first to the last, nor better to the worst, of many, that conceiuyng lower opi- nion of their owne merites, then the merite might thincke worthely due vnto her selfe, remaine content with that prayse, which in her guist inuieth the pure excellencie of the deseruer: But young conceiptes, as they are young: are withall seeking increase of them selues, and therefore choose what they hold most aunswerable to such desires: And will lesse stand on desiring pardon after offence, then

EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

be carefull at all not to haue offended: Wherein if I
note myne owne fault, I craue that pardon, which those
will not denie, that respect the nature of confession. And
therefore humbly desiring your selfe would be pleased, to
hold excuse, to be as great an Argumēt of your own hono-
rable disposition as it might be esteemed a passing stayne
to myne infant labours: I wish as many worthy applauses
may attend your owne sweet inuentions, as the worthi-
nesse of them selues deserue, and I
haue euer desired.

Your worships most bounden.

A. C.





SHORES WIFE.

Sigh, sad musde accents, of my funerall verse,
In lamentable grones, (wrought from true pietie)
Sing you the wept song, on her wronged hearce,
Is gratefull obsequie to her mortall deitie:
Sighe: ô, sing Actuallie the bewtie pained,
With bewties wonder honorablie stained.

Bleed pen in blacke teares, dombe, yet pittie mouing
The weeping Elegies to the worthiest faire:
Weepe pen in warme bloud, to the world approuing
How faire, how good, how deare, old age did way her.
Bleed teares: weepe bloud, pen, sing, sighe on her hearce
Her gratefull obsequies in a funerall verse.

Carelesse, so sleepe our Læthe drincking eyes,
In present bewties, deemed deumely rare
Neglecting th' Ancient wonder time did pryse
For such a trophie as had no compare,
That now she seems as if she had bin neuer,
Whom euen eternitie said should liue for euer.

The high-musde period of the storie reader,
(Wondring or warre, or matter causing terror)
Omits her fortune, to her fates arreader,
(Precisly censuring bewtie by her error)
So she that euen the fairest she surmounted,
Now of the fairest, is the fowlest counted.

So variable diuers in her willing,
 When vulgar rumor feedes on base suspect,
 Impeaching iekousie the best worth ylling
 Augments the matter of the least defect
 And bad suggestions secretly inuected
 Giue wild dishonour to the thing suspected.

For whilst not priuilegd from monster fame,
 The bewtie (of the not so faire inuyed)
 Lyes subiect to dishonorable name,
 With hate, and emulous surmises eyed,
 We finde it dayly true amongst the best
 He's most inuyed most exceeds the rest.

Hence haps her fortune to be yld so much,
 Whom fourth king Edward, excellently prised,
 And hence it haps, because there was none such,
 Shores wife, most faire, the most fowle is surmised
 And hence it haps, that dead to all disdaine her
 Her wronged ghost suruiuet to complaine her

Who whilst she liud the subiect of impietie,
 Ground of a thousand voyces disagreeing,
 The matter of unhollowed fames varietie,
 (Which from her good hap had unworthie being)
 Euen on her dying bed deuinely sorrie,
 Pensue in hart she weepes forth thus her storie.

But

SHORE'S WIFE.

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But when backeflying from her paled cheek,
 Bashfull Aurora did recall her red:
 And white-lockte Hyems, on her face did seeke,
 His Iuorie mantle, doubting she were dead:
 When red fled white, white red, and both had left her
 And wan apparance of her faire had rest her.

When sincking downe, weaknesse dissolud her eyes,
 From vitall spirites Actuellie mouing,
 To waterish heauinesse dimd in drooping wise,
 In slow neglecting looks their end approving,
 And with their often opening toward heauen
 Seemd of their vertue and their powre bereauen.

When through her oft and soft, expyring breath,
 (That still reentring mou'd her panting breast)
 She seem'd with euery sigh to draw in death,
 That willing gaspes held her eternall rest,
 Then when her head heauie did leane awry
 Seeming euen then she could not doe but dye,

First teares, deuining speech, denouncing passion,
 That meete in greatnesse of their seuerall motions
 Fall from her eyes in that unwilling fashion,
 Argued her hartes greefe, and her greefes commotions,
 Teares, the hart's dombe pleas: (words with greefe restrained)
 Like loath departing pearles her eyes downe rayned.

Then

SHORES WIFE

Then through transp'rance of the white was left her
 Freshly peeres secret glorie of her bloud,
 When euen that death, of life that would haue ref^d her
 With feare and reuerence amazed stood,
 Doubting, though at the last gaspe she did lye,
 A bewtie so deuine could neuer dye,

When teares the mother issue of greefes restraine
 (Bound in the greatnesse of their owne condition)
 Paſſiue in Action, had performd complaint,
 In seene, not heard plea of her harts contrition,
 When eyes were dim, when panting she lay wan,
 Teares hauing playd their part, her young began.

Ah whence shall I quoth she, (she wept agayne
 Opening her eyes, opening her handes to heauen)
 Produce the storie of my liues remayne:
 My life of hap: I of my life bereauen.
 Or why should I vnto the world complaine me
 If all the world for my mishap disdayne me?

Then where from siluer streamed Isis lying,
 Sylent in Swans: and quyet in her brookes,
 Forsaken Thames, into her selfe backe flying,
 With muddie countnance, and unwilling lookes,
 As discontent, doth make her sad resorte
 As farre as now decayeng Caesars forte:

There

SHORES WIFE

There records witnesse of mine education,
And vulgar Parentes, of a meane degree,
To whom my dying day hath iust relation:
Yet was this meane a happie meane to me:
That liuing fayrest farre above the best,
Haplesse in life, in death I might be blest.

But madding thoughtes, ambitions of promotions,
Nurst in suspect of ages alteration,
As swolne with furie of the mindes commotions,
Deemes all things doubtfull, breeds not contentation,
And this did discontent their mindes did gilde me,
That being young, there were too many eyde me

For looke how matter, admirably rare,
Drawes musing thoughts, to studdying contemplation:
And time not hable to produce compare,
Confermes the wonder with more admiration:
So, and such was my bewties quaint compare
Wonder it selfe did make me more then rare:

Yet humble, honorable, chaste, and deuine,
True looking, pure, and bashfully reflecting,
Were all the honors of my mayden eyne:
In perfect Act true modestie affecting,
And this Decorum I did euer seeke
To grace my bewtie with a blushing cheeke.

Myne eye no looke, no wanton wincke affected,
 (The false fayre notes of Syren incantations)
 No rash gase of immodestie detected,
 My chaste minde, bent to wandering alterations,
 And yet, nor quoy, nor proude my lookes were mayd
 But purely such, as might besit a mayd.

Straunge gestures vsde not I, nor quaint behauing:
 Such as the seeming loath-to-looke, do prattise
 With faine denyall absolutely crauing:
 (The outward fault wherein dishonest lacke lyes)
 To these I lest the light behaiours leaning
 As moderne subtilties of immodest meaning.

But in my lookes, ciuilitie, and cheare,
 Bashfull, and decent, did import a purenesse:
 And where my bewtie brightest did appeare,
 A low regard argued a perfect surenesse:
 That euen the graces seem'd to say with mee,
 If I were not, them selues could neuer bee.

Angell aspects, of gazing window wonders,
 Angling at eyes, with bewtie in the ayre:
 Bewties that nature from apparance sunders,
 With stolne shame of imaginarie fayre:
 These like to monsters euer I esteemed,
 VVorship their owne selues, for a bewtie deemed.

SHORES WIFE.

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I lookt : and in my decensie precise :
 (Yet women looke, one, to enuie an other)
 I found that euen the ancient whole wife,
 Their young concepts yet in their age did smother
 And euen the crooked old should now dispaire
 At least do hold them selues pure aged faire

And infant younglings, sucking from their mother,
 Selfe-like-dregs, of unwomanly surmises,
 Add boldnesse to the mallice enuies other,
 For euen the young begins as beutie rises :
 And this peculiar to their sexe did see.
 Both old, and young and all would fairest bee:

VVhich when my selfe in more iuditiall measure,
 (Growne to conceipt upon mine owne perfection :)
 Saw held of all men, yearthes eternall treasure,
 And of the most n'er worse then sweet subiection :
 Disposd to vertue, chastitie did will me,
 Leauē selfe conceipt, for selfe conceipt did ill me :

VVhen intertaining to my beuties honor,
 The true instructions chastitie did teach me :
 Noting what hap, what heauen did wayt upon her,
 VVhilst no dishonoring blamish did impeach me.
 By nature and desire so thus disposed
 Soone had my will my thoughts thereto imposed.

I saw my selfe was absolutely faire,
 Yet alterd not that vertue to a sin,
 I knew a small fault quickly would impaire
 The purest bewtie that should fall therein.
 I saw the sin, and saw what most had done it,
 And yet I had the grace to know and shunne it.

My thoughts that then were bashfull, pure, and true
 Cleane from impietie: from ill: from stayne:
 Of nature wise, had reason to eschew
 The thing my nature did so much disdain:
 I saw both bewtie and the good that blist it,
 Yet by seducing error I haue mist it:

For loe, those eyes, whom ielousie had fram'd,
 To false suggestions of mine unstain'd youth:
 What they misdeem'd, deuiningly they blam'd,
 Fearing suspect might after turne to truth:
 When seing my selfe (cleane in thought and deede)
 Vnworthy blam'd: my hart begun to bleede:

Then wext I wanton as I grew to see,
 Doting suspect dishonour me so much,
 My selfe, yet chaste, and pure, defam'd to bee,
 And to be deem'd false, though I were not such.
 And this was euen the first cause that I wrought false
 That though I were yet true, yet I was thought false.

SHORESWIFE

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Such hap they haue, haue such attending eyes,
Needlesly carefull of the not transgressing:
But carefull parents do the worst surmise
In doubted errour secretly redressing:
Yet oft we see, so carefull some do proue
They kill their carde for with their too much loue.

Which prooffe confirm'd in me was lou'd too much:
Whose bewtie then, when in her Aprill grace,
It stood vnequal'd, fellowed with none such,
As might the excellencie of my fayre abace:
Loe then began my bewtie first to weame
When first my bewtie gan to be extreame.

My fathers house obscure, and I not knowne,
But cloister'd up to secrecie, and sadnesse,
My frendes misdoubting that as I was growne,
Tempting desire might win my will to badnesse
Wise-indiscrete, perforce they me constrained
To wed my selfe to one that I disdain'd.

Then holy rites of matrimonie vowed,
I sold my bewtie, and my selfe unwilling,
To him, to whom I, and my bewtie bowed,
Not for his loue, but for his mindes fulfilling:
For though in byrth my match did equall me
My bewtie was unfit for such as he.

And I that scorning tributarie loue:
 Should haue enioyn'd me to an after duetie,
 Fearing his vnrespect of me might proue,
 Th'incapable tyrant of my subiect bewtie.
 Before our contract came vnto conclusion:
 I knew his loue would be my lines confusion.

Yet miser auarice: (doting ayme of promotions)
 Gaping at rich shewres of a golden age,
 As feed prowd vultors by the windes commotions,
 Act monster wonders in a wealth rage
 Carelesse to what accompt the faire bewed
 Nor forcing discord of a loathed bed:

Who sees the secrets of that widow thought
 The silent musings, and the discontent
 Mouing impatience in her minde hath wrought,
 Whose bewtie's subiect to inforst content?
 Or how may we thincke she her passion brookes
 That dares not speake but plead her greefe in looks,

Discenting vnitie of a discord bed,
 Burning in vapours of suggestious guyet,
 Strain'd concord of th'infornately wed,
 Dissembling loue; and framing wonders by it
 Who seeth this, may quickly iudge she ill
 That minde indures is wed against her will.

SHORESWIRE

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*In her raynes ielousie full of a selfe suspect,
Deeming all eyes as doubting as her owne,
Fearing her selfe, her owne selfe might detect
(For she thincke, what to her to all is knowne)*

*And this is still peculiar to her wayne
To hate the thing she feares may doubt agayne.*

*Which haps from hence, that she suspecteth euer,
That aduerse ielousie will come and see,
The close wrought Act her secrecies in deuor,
And Acte againe, gainst her as close as shee,
And though no fault nor any deed detectes her
Yet will she hate the thing she feares suspectes her.*

*Thus waking to her selfe and watching all:
Discentious vnion in her selfe discording:
Fearing the fortune worthe may be fall.
Onel' in a diuers Sympathie according:
By feare and doubt vnto her worst hap led
Thus doth she worke still in th' unwilling bed.*

*She shrynes her greefe vp in a secret fashon,
(Which musing silence Agonies increase,)
And euer dombe, in discontented passion,
She shakes her head, and sighes, and holdes her peace:
Her greefe and feare is such she cannot say it
Till her complayning eyes in teares beuoy it.*

Looke

Looke how discountnancst in her eyes slow mouing
 (The wakefull residence of a discontent,)
 Heauely sighted, sad quyet sits approuing,
 The awd condition of enforst content
 And how her drooping, notes her myndes disquyet
 To be so great she seemes downe wayed by it.

Marke how the down cast lookes her eyes reflect,
 Argues her life, sequestred from her mindes ease:
 And euery gesture, secretly detect,
 The note of silent passion neuer findes ease:
 And though she seemes unwilling to bewray it,
 Yet in that seeming so she seemes to say it.

She sits and heares, euen passionatly attentive,
 How better fortunes ioy the happie wed,
 When in a sodaine thought hartely pensiu
 She castes her eyes vp, and she shakes her head
 VVhilst many thoughtes concurring all in one
 Makes her greeu'd soule yeeld forth a deadly groane.

Loe so vnited to a discontent,
 Departed from my selfe, to liue i' vnkindnesse,
 Too soone my ill-bestow'd youth did repent,
 My parentes auarice, and defaister blindnesse,
 That could not see the loathing that is bred,
 In discord iarring of an vnkind bed:

And

SHORES WIFE.

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And what is worse: o this is interdicting,
The fellow ioyings of a true met lone,
More then her owne ill, this is still inflicting,
Which neuer did the willing bridgroom proue,
That loues but one, and gaynes such good thereby
He's lou'd againe and so doth liue and dye.

But soone had Sutor eyes, with priuie looke,
Noted the loathing that I bare vnto him,
And mou'd by this, they quickly undertooke,
Or shame, or some dishonorable Acte to doe him:
And that this might better performed be,
They seem'd to mallice him, and pittie me.

As song the Syrens to the wandring knight,
Th' illusiue stanzas of their charming song:
Pleasing th' Attentiu eare with sweet delight,
But hatefull Actors of intended wrong:
So sweetly song they songs of loue to me,
They seem'd, or Syrens, or more sweet to be.

For looke how in a solitarie guise
The virgine querefter of the listning night,
Chantes her sweet descant, in a flattering wise,
To gayne her litle freedom if she might:
And sings the sweeter by how much the more
She mindes the libertie she had before.

So when imprison'd in precise constraint,
 Myne eye kept watch and my brow tyrannised;
 Those that their free enlargement did awayse,
 In arguing prattle sweetly subtilised:
 And as their passion did increase in feare,
 It pleas'd so much the more my straunger care.

And so much more as dath the churlish riche,
 Keepe gold the safer, as the culler's pure
 So much the more my bewtie did bewich,
 Them to continuance as they were more sure:
 And these I knew so well to entertaine.
 They would not leaue loue, to be free agayne.

For liueth that Philosophie precise
 Whom documentes haue quyte restrain'd from this?
 Liueth that ancient old, and aged wise,
 Whom yeares haue knowne to make to hate their blisse?
 Then blame not yeouth if want only he wooes:
 Since doting old and bookewise cannot choese.

Nor let my bewtie be impeacht with this,
 That I was woman like, though Angell sayre,
 For him doth puretie fortunately blisse,
 That is not blemisht with some blacke impayre:
 For this we see almost in things deuine
 Tis quickly stayned is the purest fine.

SHORES WIFE

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Neuer did flocke to old Vlisses Queene,
In wearie absence of her straying knight,
Neuer more woers in her court were seene,
(Although perhaps more worthie persons might)
Then there were Sutors still importun'd me
For I presume I was as fayre as she

Nor could my seeming true to him I chose,
Giue answer to their often suites renning
My fained loue to this, sayn'd hate to those,
Could be no obstacle to their euer suing:
And I not knowing quaintly to disdain them
Through want of Arte was forst to intertaine them.

When oft intreaties breeding emulation
In the corruall thoughts of fellow louers,
Wrought quyte chang'd being, and straunge aliteration,
As of finer vov'es their constancie discovers:
For that will issue to her full perfection
Hath grounded being by the mindes affection.

Then equall in my thoughtes making compare,
T'wixte old forlorne, and personally young:
I quickly saw th' Abuse my bewtie bare,
And my harts greese sat fresh vpon my young:
When noting this, my hart began to cry:
And I exclaim'd against a doting eye:

What Sympathie of loue (quoth I) can be
 Twixte crooked old, and excellently fayne
 Discording yeares will ever disagree,
 As different age to graue doth make repayre:
 And this to old men proper still doth proue,
 To sigh they are so old they cannot loue.

Such one was he rest my youth of her blisse,
 He could no more of loue, his dayes were done:
 Crookt old, and cold, his yeares deny'd him this,
 And therefore greeu'd he had so soone begun
 O ist not greefe that age should so defame
 The reuerent title of so graue a name.

But how can I, how can all woemen brooke this,
 Decrepit yeares from pleasure should restrayne them?
 Ner liu'd they happie day that undertooke this
 But of their fortune after did complaine them:
 For what is dotage that we should affect it
 Or mood'y age that women should respect it.

Old quyte forlorne and ouerworne with yeares,
 He makes an infant humour of his age,
 And in his lined browes dotage appeares,
 A witleffe babie in a louing rage:
 And such a humour in his senses rayne,
 And being old he's made a child agayne,

S.H.D.R.E.S. W.I.F.E.

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He calls his Kate, and she must come and kisse him,
Doting his madded loue vpon her face:
Hee thinckes her smile hath where withall to blisse him,
Thus frantiques his loue to the sayres disgrace,
Which not withstood she dares not say him no,
O ist not pittre bewtie was sed so.

But do not therefore blame the tripping fayre,
For euen the sayrest hath her imperfection:
Let not precise respect the lighter way her,
For euen the mayden seeming hath affection:
And now a dayes the chaste deuout will show loue,
That hauing learn'd they may the better know loue.

Let th' ancient doting therefore be precise,
The quicke ey'd young will haue a time to wincke it,
Outward apparance can deceane his eyes,
And she play wanton when he doth not thincke it,
For this as sure as selfe truth shall insue
If age be ielious youth must be vntrue.

Suggesting feare shall make the newly wed,
Be false, because she feares she is suspected,
And feare by Arte, to sayning shall be led,
To double closty with the false affected:
For what is their arn de fortune better noting,
Then double Act i' expresse their priuie doting.

So may his marriage bed a lone bewray,
 Is sayning true and fearefully rebellious,
 Whom after age in time to come shall say,
 Is doting old, and cold, and foolish ielous:
 And let this title from his name n'er sunder
 He's loues head monster and his armed wonder.

But leauing this an ordinarie shame,
 To that graue being of a reuerent age,
 Whose ag'd graue decensie it doth defame,
 With madding matter of an idle rage:
 As made her monster by her childissh follie
 Is reuerent old, and honorable whollie.

Of oft intreating sutors I will say,
 Whose often vowes tempt me to further sin,
 And hoping time my frayltie might bewray,
 They vse all art to teach me to begin:
 Yet though I lou'd not him that I had chose,
 I knew not how to candescend to those:

But hence grew hate, for now I grew admired,
 And by degrees begun to learne to sin,
 Then when I saw I was so much desired,
 I seem'd transform'd as I had neuer bin.
 And selfe opinion wrought so strong effect
 As now I grew to leaue all chaste respect.

SHORESWIFE

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For chastitie by wyles grew to be cold,
My modest bewtie gan to alter wanton,
I that from me, my selfe, my selfe had sold,
Found this hard fortune for my hart to panton
I now began to exercise myne eye
And gase on all would gase as well as I.

My speech from humble, decent, pure, and true,
That hid no secrecie in a plainly meaning,
To Courtlike, wanton, pleasant did insue:
I lest my nature to my follies weaning,
And I by practise learn'd the worst so well
In wanton arte the best I could excell.

Thus I both wild and absolutely sayre,
Charm'd with my bewtie, with my wyles allured;
My want of shame, myne honor did impayre,
As long as I my selfe to sin inured,
Which if I sin'd or did with sin dispeuce,
My life must say, (to whom I was offence.)

Tet not defam'd for other fault then those,
The wanton Cittie-dwelling counte their grace,
But euery tounge upon suspect did glöse,
And being apt new made reports to embrace
I now was fam'd the sayrest she was ever,
(Which fame in that age was extinguish'd never.)

SHORES WIFE.

For sooner had no motiues of desire,
 Taught me to exercise my wits, and bewtie;
 But my conceipt could set delight on fire
 And wanton looks imprinledge all deuotie
 And I grew sayrer and the ofiner named
 As quainte conceipt me for delightfull famed.

When loe: (for wholines so hid so obscure
 So secret from the world, remote from eyeng,
 As holdes him selfe of doubtfull talke so sure,
 But fame into his fortunes will be pryeng ?)
 Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast
 It proues at last that then we are knowne the most.

For then pronouncing from incertaine thought,
 Th' vngrounded storie of a lyer mufe:
 What secrecie from subtile eyes had wrought,
 Incertaine fame with falshood will abuse:
 Fame secret witnesse to the guilt conceald
 Mads all in furie till it be reucaled.

Mindfull remembrer of a secret will,
 (If secret may import worthe dishonor)
 The periur'd counsailor of the case wrought ill,
 False testimonie of a hope, relying on her,
 Both truth, and falshood, in one period bounding,
 Contrarie to her selfe, her selfe confounding.

False

SHORES WIFE

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False glosing tongue, credulities retye,
 Error of nature, bad seede of base sedition,
 Suspectes false daughter, neuer borne to dye,
 Nurst of Erinnis, and of false suspition:
 Prou'd all the worldes plague and inur'd to sin:
 Happie had I liu'd, hadst thou neuer bin:

For till thou first with thine unhappie storie,
 Ecchoing relations of my worth and me:
 Intitul'dst my name to my bewties glorie,
 Vnworthie knowne, of such a worth to be
 Though not performed in so royall measure
 Yet then I ioy'd a life of quyet pleasure:

So fares th' infortunate whom monster fame,
 Glosing, ambitious, false mus'd, makes her subiect,
 Enioyn'd by prayse, to bide eternall shame
 And rest the worldes dishonorable obiect
 Such fate had I, that was so highlie famed
 First to be held fayre, after euer shamed.

For now ambitious in her fabling humor,
 Vnto my king, my bewtie she dispences,
 To whom sh' impartes a wonder working rumor,
 In speech Authentickall, to charme his senses:
 With Acte his eyes his eares, with wordes she won,
 His hart, his loue, his soule, ere she had don.

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She

SHORES WIFE.

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 As holdes him selfe of doubtfull talke so sure,
 But fame into his fortunes will be pryeng?)
 Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast
 'It proues at last that then we are knowne the most.

For then pronouncing from incertaine thought,
 Th' vngrounded storie of a lyer mofe.
 What secrecie from subtile eyes had wrought,
 Incertaine fame with falshood will abuse.
 Fame secret witnesse to the guilt conceald
 Mads all in furie till it be reueald.

Mindfull remember of a secret will,
 (If secret may import worthe dishonor)
 The periur'd counsailor of the close wrought ill,
 False testimonie of a hope, relying on her,
 Both truth, and falshood, in one period bounding,
 Contrarie to her selfe, her selfe confounding.

False

SHORES WIFE

83

False glosing toung, credulities reye,
 Error of nature, bad seede of base sedition,
 Suspectes false daughter, neuer borne to dye,
 Nurst of Erinnis, and of false suspition:
 Prou'd all the worldes plague and inur'd to sin:
 Happie had I lin'd, hadst thou neuer bin:

For till thou first with thine unhappie storie,
 Ecchoing relations of my worth and me:
 Intitul'dst my name to my bewties glorie,
 Vnworthie knowne, of such a worth to be
 Though not performed in so royall measure
 Yet then I ioy'd a life of quyet pleasure:

So fares th' infortunate whom monster fame,
 Glosing, ambitious, false mus'd, makes her subiect,
 Enioyn'd by prayse, to bide eternall shame
 And rest the worldes dishonorable obiect
 Such fate had I, that was so highlie famed
 First to be held fayre, after euer shamed.

For now ambitious in her fabling humor,
 Vnto my king, my bewtie she dispences,
 To whom sh' impartes a wonder working rumor,
 In speech Authentickall, to charme his senses:
 With Acte his eyes his eares, with wordes she won,
 His hart, his loue, his soule, ere she had don.

SHORES WIFE.

For sooner had no motines of desire,
 Taught me to exercise my wit, and bewtie;
 But my conceipt could set delight on fire
 And wanton looks imprinledge all deuie
 And I grew sayrer and the ofiner named
 As quainte conceipt me for delightfull famed.

When loe: (for who liues so hid so obscure
 So secret from the world, remote from eyeng,
 As holdes him selfe of doubtfull talke so sure,
 But same into his fortunes will be pryeng ?)
 Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast
 It proues at last that then w^e are knowne the most.

For then pronouncing from incertaine thought,
 Th^e vngrounded storie of a lyer misse.
 What secrecie from subtile eyes had wrought,
 Incertaine fame with falshood will abuse.
 Fame secret witnesse to the guilt conceald
 Mads all in furie till it be reueald.

Mindfull remember of a secret will,
 (If secret may import worthe dishonor)
 The periur'd counsailor of the case wrought ill,
 False testimonie of a hope, relying on her,
 Both truth, and falshood, in one period bounding,
 Contrarie to her selfe, her selfe confounding.

False

SHORES WIFE

43

False glosing tounge, credulities retye,
Error of nature, bad seede of base sedition,
Suspectes false daughter, neuer borne to dye,
Nurst of Erininis, and of false suspicion:
Prou'd all the worldes plague and inur'd to sin:
Happie had I lin'd, hadst thou neuer bin:

For till thou first with thine vnhappie storie,
Ecchoing relations of my worth and me:
Intitul'dst my name to my bewties glorie,
Vnworthie knowne, of such a worth to be
Though not performed in so royall measure
Yet then I ioy'd a life of quyet pleasure:

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With Acte his eyes his eares, with wordes she won,
His hart, his loue, his soule, ere she had don.

D

She

*She seemed sober hartie and precise,
 Framing her false lookes to a pleading fittnesse:
 T'vntought-on truth sh'adaps her humbled eyes
 And euery Acte seem'd her tales truth to witnesse:
 And what she thought could win the king she wrought-on.
 In Acte, and speech she let not passe vntought-on.*

*So as when at his oracles disclosing,
 Deuining Proteus, prophesying small thinges
 His selfe from culler from his shape disposing,
 Deludes the sutor hold by seeming all thinges
 Making him selfe a monster to the view
 Before deceite can bring him to tell trew:*

*Monster fame so, deuining on supposes:
 Suspitious of her selfe, (her selfe a lyer:)
 In altering tales her flatterie discloses
 VVrought to report ill by her owne desire
 Whilst that the king credits her tale for truth
 Which after turn'd a shame vnto his youth.*

*For had she bin more ready to report-it
 His apt beleefe had sooner given it credit:
 His willing harkning eare did well import-it,
 Was so attentue to the tale that spread it:
 For this fault euen is incident to kinges
 Too much to credit ouer pleasing thinges.*

She

SHORE S WIFE.

27

She told him now my bewties Aprill bud,
Fresh bloom'd in honor of my flowering prime:
In high degrees of excellencie stood,
Ages admire, and wonderment of time,
Amongst the best, so farre exceeding many:
As it was neuer seconded by any.

(Quoth she) behold how in her wanton fayre,
Rosie Pallantias (new stolne from her bed)
Blusheth her glorie on the morning ayre,
In bashfull decensie of vermillion red:
And from his stand the Northerne watchman frays
With brighter comming of her sommer rayes:

Or as: whilst Thetis in her eu'ning greeting,
Smileth her purple on the suns decline,
And with her Tytan in the West seaes meeting,
Appeares a wonder, bashfully deuine,
Such is her face (quoth she) her selfe so fayre,
She seemes as bewtious as the eu'ning ayre.

Hast thou not scene how in her hemisphere
The morninges henchman, and the starre of loue
Vales in her bewtie at the suns appeare
And seemeth dim'd his glorie to approue?
Euen so her eyes (quoth she) excee-des so farre
As doth the sonne the sitting morning starre.

*More bewtie, more deuine doth her adorne,
 Then all Diana's, meken virgins graces
 Those froes that in the dewy of the morne
 Trip on the flowres in those silent places,
 To which the feathered queresters resort
 And chante them many a musicall report.*

*Oft haue I scene, when to the strond of Po,
 The floating swans did make their last repayre,
 And siluer plum'd, as white as any snow
 Blemisht Indimions Scynthia in her faire:
 Yet n'er did she, neuer did they excell:
 The Iuorie white-vpon her brow doth dwell.*

*As when before old sleepe Tython dawnes
 (Dew'd in the wept teares of Auroraes eyes,)
 Sweet sauoring flowers of the meddow lawnes,
 With sweet perfumes, vp into heauen arise
 So breathes her brethes perfume, so sweetly smelling
 It seem's her breath the flowers are excell'g.*

*Sung neuer at Euridices redeeming
 The Thracian Harper to the god of hell
 A song more honor worth, worth more esteeming
 Yet Orpheus touch pleased deninly well
 Nor yet Arion euer so behau'd him
 Although he song so sweet the Dolphin sau'd him.*

SHORESWIFE

Nor that old man, whose musicall recordes
The following walls of ancient Theb's did reare :
Nor Poëan, pleasing in her sweet accordes
The curious iudgement of the nyceſt eare
Did euer ſound were euer ſong ſo well
But her ſweet wordes, her voyce doth farre excell.

N'er did her Nymphes, at bold Acteons gaſe,
Nor comblly Phoebe: (ſeene with priuie eye)
Mans ſence, mans thought, with ſweeter ſmiles amafe
With richer glorie, of a wealthier dye,
Then would this bewtie naked as was ſhee,
Were you your ſelfe but priuie too't as hee.

To this ſhe ads (ô ſtraunge impietic)
Vitious intycements of alluring ſin,
And with licentious wordes, altering varietie,
She drownes his ſences, and him ſelfe therein :
So well the Syren knew her ſong to ſing,
She ſoone had luld a ſleepe the willing king :

And that ſhe might the better bring to paſſe,
Shame to my Lord, her ſelfe, and ſhame to mee,
She ads how wanton, buckſome, young I was
Fit conſorte with his younger yeares to bee
And when at length ſhe had diſcourſt her fill,
Away ſhe flies : abhominable ill.

But he that standes inchaunted with the wonders,
 By secret stealth dishonorable sin,
 Him from his sence, his sence from vertue sunders,
 And now in madding loue lust doth begin,
 And that foule stayne his furie is incenst with
 By maiestie (saith he) shall be dispenst with.

Then to myne eares (diuyning my misfortune,)
 Secret reportes came whispering straunger wonders,
 And with their oratorie pleas myne eares importune,
 Whilst blind conceipt me from my good hap sunders:
 With charming profers still my king salutes me
 As one for absolute fayre reputes me.

And those, to whom he secretly commended,
 The inquisition of my bewties being:
 Those my attract, my chaunge of fortune tended
 My bewties worth and excellencie seing:
 Reporte my bewtie to be so deuine;
 As now he pryed none so much as myne.

And soone had giftes, soone had my Lordes desire,
 My soule from chastitie, my selfe from me,
 With often presents taught how to retire
 Tasting the profers of a high degree:
 And then me thought though I ner prou'd before
 A kings imbrace was euen a heauen or more.

SHORES WIFE.

32

Loe then to Court, unto my king I came,
 Monarke aspect of my recusant eye:
 Myne eye, the matter of my bodies shame,
 As long as shame, or sinne were nurs't thereby,
 With niggard fauor, at the first did seeme,
 As one that held his crowne scarce worth esteeme.

For now my scholler eyes had learn'd to fashion
 Their lookes authentically, and quaintly precise:
 My quoynesse argued a stranger passion,
 To make him so, more plyant to myne eyes:
 And I, whom he esteemed easie won
 Made him my subiect, ere myne eyes had don.

For now I saw: when equallie precise,
 He saw the honor was due worth my bewtie:
 My browes recusancie gan tyrannise,
 And of my king exact a tribute dutie
 And if he profered loue, I would forsake it
 For woemen first say no, and then they take it.

I wrought so well, my face did seeme to say,
 I pryed chastitie, but euen too much:
 My apt fram'd countenance seem'd to betray,
 A purpos'd fermnesse to my seeming such:
 And my pretext by working so before:
 Was but to make him loue me so much more.

For

For now in me variety of love,
 Had wrought such knowledge, by my seeming prone
 As whom I knew quickly seduc't did proue,
 I knew was quickly got, and quickly gone:
 And therefore now oppos'd I seem'd the stronger,
 That late ere won, I might be lov'd the longer.

For when I saw, him fawningly respect me,
 I play'd upon him with a stranger No:
 And so much more I saw he did affect me,
 As I seem'd further of in saying so,
 Yet then I knew my quoynesse so might prone
 A king would hardly bow too low to love.

In equall meane, therefore did I containe
 Th' impatience of my seeming loath to sin,
 No beggar humblenesse my face did stain,
 With apt desire to throw my selfe therein:
 And if my quoynesse made him loath to wooe
 Then would I lend him smiles, and kisses too,

Nor did I in denyng faintly so
 But secretly seeme to desire agayne,
 The hoped profers my consenting No,
 In secret wish already did containe:
 But long alasfe could not persist therein
 For ere I left I sold my selfe to sinne.

SHORESWIFE

311

Who sees the chaste liu'd Turtle on a tree,
In vnfrequented groues sit and complaine her?
Whether alone all desolate poore shee,
And for her lost loue seemeth to restraine her?
And there sad thoughted howleth to the ayre
The excellencie of her lost-mates fayre?

So I when sinne had draw'd my soule in badnesse,
To solitarie muse my selfe retired:
Where wrought by greefe to discontented sadnesse,
Repentant thoughtes, my new won shame admired,
And I the maister of myne owne misfortune
My hart with grones, and sorrow did importune.

Behold (quoth I) how in her Iwie hidden
The eu'nings shame, Pallas adulterate fowle,
The sitting sonnes sight, and the day forbidden,
With a sherle scritch her former sinne doth howle:
And peering in the day but from her tree
Is wonder'd at of all the byrdes shee see:

So haps to thee, whom so thy sinne hath shamed
And made the night-eyes wonder of thy tyme:
So haps to thee, that hath thy selfe defamed,
In tender springing of thine Aprill pryme
But now too late i haue sin'd thou doest repent thee,
When thou hast lost the good that nature lent thee.

A wonderment, and monster of her age,
 Following posteritie will account thy fall;
 And this which euen sto passion can asswage,
 Nor mittigate thy payned soule with all:
 When death in graue shall low haue layne thy head
 Thou shalt be yet defam'd when thou art dead.

Thus in thy life, thus in thy death, and boath,
 Dishonored by thy fact, what mayst thou doe?
 Though now thy soule the touch of sinne doth loath,
 And thou abhorst thy life, and thy selfe too:
 Yet cannot this redeeme thy spotted name,
 Nor interdict thy body of her shame:

But he that could command thee, made thee sin:
 Yet that is no priuiledge, no sheeld to thee:
 Now thou thy selfe, hast drown'd thy selfe therein.
 Thou art defam'd thy selfe, and so is hee:
 And though that kings commands haue wonders wrought
 Yet kings commands could neuer hinder thought.

Say that a Monarke may disspence with sin,
 The vulgar tounge proueth impartiall still,
 And when mislike all froward shall begin,
 The worst of bad, and best of worst to ill,
 A secret shame in euery thought will smother
 For sinne is sinne in kinges, as well as other:

And

And yet agayne, when to suspicion wrought,
 I saw the holly sinne, and sullen game,
 Whilst secret acte disclos'd no hidden thought,
 To preiudice an honorable name:
 And those to be such saints that best could seeme such
 As one would thincke suspicion would not deeme such.

Loe, too secure of variable rumor
 I gaue my selfe to pleasing disposition:
 Loue charming wantonesse and delightfull humor,
 Forst now no longer peeuish eyed suspicion,
 And I thought none could testifie my fault
 Because I thought there was not any fault.

And though my life had staine, yet this did mend it,
 That I was sorrie such an one to be,
 My pittie my respect did still commend it,
 And this was commendably prayd in me,
 That Sutor wrongs my selfe to right would bring
 If right might be procured from the king.

And now so deem'd so highly was I pryed,
 No honor was too good, too great for mee,
 I could commaund what euer thought deuised,
 Delight to sence, or ioyes to mynde to bee:
 And whilst I sat seated alone so highe,
 The king could but command and so could I.

But long my fortune had not traded so,
 In doubtfull highnesse of prosperitie:
 Ere murder death had stam'd a worse woe,
 A true example vnto all posteritie:
 That those that mount so high so farre and fast,
 In tract of tyme come headlong downe at last.

For now, the doomes day of my fortune's neere,
 The day, the dome, peculiar vnto all,
 Now in a death vnthought-on doth appeere,
 My bewties ruine and myne honors fall
 Such sightes are these vnto the pleased eye
 As are not sooner scene then they doe dye.

So as when for his drown'd sonne pensfully sorrie,
 Three times in blacke, three times his golden urne,
 The sadder eye of heauens restrained glorie,
 In blacke, and heauie secrecie did burne;
 And moodie, by restraining so his light,
 In three dayes absence brought a triple night.

Or as, when from some high clift sadly looking,
 A mistie tempest from the South ariseth,
 And disagreeing blastes no sayles stop brooking,
 The merrie sea-mans wandering barke surpriseth
 We sorrow at the sight vpon the shore
 But in the barke mould sorrow ten times more.

SHORES WIFE 2

So now, eternall night, now desolation,
 Deuining horror to the nighted land,
 Insues to all by sodaine alteration,
 That of a tyrant ill suspected stand:
 But I whom this imported most of any
 Where all had but one feare: I one, bad many.

Ah death old father of our common end,
 Nurst of the mother night, and discontent
 Inuoying hatreds neuer pleased friend,
 Incertaine accedent, and unknowne euent,
 In what so much haue I offended thee,
 That by my kinges death thou shouldst murther mee?

Thou art the father cause I am forlorne,
 It was thy too much pittie that procur'd this,
 Why didst not make me dye ere I was borne?
 That being dead I might not haue indur'd this?
 Cruell in what may harme in what may ill me
 But thrise more cruell that thou wouldst not kill me.

Did my face feare thee from thy murdering will
 That being young, thou letst me liue so long?
 Or hauing such a bewtie at thy will,
 Thoughtst thou the rape would be esteem'd a wrong?
 O if thou didst, withall thou wilt that I,
 Should liue so long that I should shame to dye.

SHORES WIFE

It was the avarice of thy list to kill,
 Founded my downefall on my kinges decease:
 Such is thy nature, and so much so ill:
 One murder with a second to increase:
 But thus we see who on a king relies
 Findes death a liue whilst liuing yet he dyes.

See how my end brought me to my confusion
 The common wonder of the wisest eye
 My end the period and my liues conclusion
 Turnes to my deathes shame, that I greene to dye:
 And that whereof dying I am asbamed,
 I greene to liue because I liue defamed,

Dead vnto life, liuing vnto my death,
 The end of shame, and yet my shames beginning:
 Thus doe I araw the selfe disdayning breath,
 Hath worthie shame by myne vnworthie sinning
 And whilst at once I would both liue and dye
 I doe them both yet am not cur'd thereby.

For when true penitencie doth begin,
 With contrite sorrow, and repentant zeale,
 To mynde the greatnesse of displeasing sin:
 That shame in hidden silence doth conceale.
 When these faultes in our selues our selues doe see
 We thincke that all know them aswell as wee.

But

SHORES WIFE.

99

But stay thee here, and plaintiu'ly rehearce,
The funerall tenor of thine after fortunes;
O wash his toombe with teares weepe on his hearce,
Whose death gaue life, to greefe that thee importunes:
For now behold unhappely he dyes,
On whom the essence of my good relies.

Euen as the gloomie sighted night, with cloudes,
Obscures the sunbright bewtie of the ayre,
And in her deadly looke frowningly shrowdes,
Blacke desolation and forlorne dispayre,
Threatning with sad aspect some future woe,
By blacke deuining lookes presaging so:

So seem'd the blacke ayre, that with fowle aspect,
Feedes lowring heauinesse through a duskie light,
That ouglie looking darknesse doth reflect,
From caued bowells of the fearesfull night,
So at his death, darknesse seem'd to bewray,
Eternall blacknesse to the heauie day:

That so dissolu'd to euerlasting feares,
That sun-rest-ages after posteritie,
Might weepe his funeralls in complainyng teares,
As rightes belonging to a dead prosperitie,
And sing his obsequies in consorting woe,
Sorrowing their light should be bereft them so:

For

SHORES WIFE.

For now their sonne gone to his home for euer,
 Pronounces from declining of his rayes,
 A worser night with tyrannous indeuor,
 Would darke the bewtie of their after dayes
 And proud ambition ayming at a crowne
 Would pull the dead-kings true-borne issue downe.

When loe, discentious in her owne proceeding
 Suspitious in her thoughtes, stil d in her musing,
 Carefully thoughted, on her owne selfe feeding,
 With ielious doubt her proper wits abusing
 Sighes-and-greefe-breeding feare to heauen doth cry
 And wisht with him posteritie might dye

For th' infant line of his bloud left a pray,
 To vultar greedinesse of an easie crowne,
 In tyrant practises did soone bewray,
 Cruell protection would the land confound,
 And then as doubtfull minded as before,
 Feare would increase her sorrow ten times more.

Thus stood suspected of incertaine fate
 And drawne by oft feares to a dead dispaire
 The neuter subiect, that did know too late,
 What hell it is to haue a different heyre.
 And that which all their discontent had sowne
 To haue a king to come not to be knowne.

SHORES WIFE.

Now gan the trembling rich, and fearefull-wanting,
Bequeath their fortunes to their hap of warre,
And trembling woemen-harts, with sorrow panting
Greene that their fate should be unknowne so farre
As whilst they yet thought no ill could assay them,
Vnthought-on death should sodaine come and slay them:

And those, whom diuersly-affecting humor,
Drew to the aduerse part an other would not,
When running motions of deceiuing rumor,
Make them affect the matter that they should not
At last exclaine as on a heauie thing
That none should know the man should be their king.

Then what might I doe, where with all to saue,
Me from confusion, that I might not dye,
Now when dead sleeping carelesse in his graue
My king was gone, on whom I did relye,
What rests for me, a poore distressed woman,
But hold me patient at my fortunes sommon?

And what is worse, impiuiledge from hope,
Of my reslowring time, of my new being,
I saw the bandes, I saw the narrow scope,
Wherein my sinne must secret sit from seing:
And this so narrow, and so stricke to be,
As all the world might my misfortune see:

SHORES WIFE.

Why haue myne eyes wept idle teares till now?
 Why hath my groning hart sigh'd to releue me?
 Or why hath greefe eclips'd my sadden'd brow?
 Since now, I would weepe, grone, and sigh, and greene me,
 And now I neede them, now I can doe none,
 For greefe, and sighes, and grones, and teares, be gone,

Weepe eyes, grone hart, greefe sighe and take agayne
 Your second quintessence from my second woe,
 O neuer will I wast your wet in wayne,
 Nor grone, nor greene, nor sigh, nor weepe you so.
 But with my dayes, date all your discontent,
 And weepe you truely, till my selfe be spent.

O you are comfort in your issuing motions,
 Vnto the mynde with passion is afflicted
 Whom wearieng greatnesse of her owne commotions
 Of wordes and speech, with greefe hath interdicted.
 Wert not for you, th'opressed hart would breake
 When greefe doth grow so bigge we cannot speake.

Wert not for you (and yet I want you too)
 My harts distresse, that makes you her relie,
 Could neuer know, nor how, nor what to doe,
 But liue in silence, and in dombnesse dye:
 O none can tell, the ease the mynde doth gayne her
 When eyes can weepe, th' hart grone, or greefe complaine her

SHORES WIFE

45

But wanton teares haue dryde myne idle eyes,
And wayn'd away the bewtie of my fayre;
My hart, for want of grones distressed eyes,
And sighes are vanisht to vnworthie ayre:
Then what remaines for me forlorne thereby,
But know my greefe, and hold my peace and dye.

T'is now that I should weepe a thousand teares;
Now, when my starres in fixed opposition,
Denounces sorrow to my greening eares,
And tells me I must chaunge my liues condition:
And trust to fauoring destinie no more,
For I must begge my bread, from doore to doore.

What fortune ere thou art enuieest our age,
A tyrant monster, in a madding wayne,
Returne in furie of thy proudest rage,
And Acte the Scene of all thy hate agayne;
And if ere any bad like woes as I,
Yet giue me ten times more, but let me dye.

Sayd ere Philosophie hell was confind
Below the yearth where neuer any were?
O if it be so, yet withall I finde,
That hell's aboue the yearth aswell as there.
And neuer could Philosophie approue,
That there was one below but one aboue.

T'is but th'inuention of th' highe-witted wife,
 Allow'd of any there, more then I expresse,
 Th'extreame of tortures, that might tyrannise
 Them being dead, that liuing did transgresse:
 Nor haue they left vs any confirmation,
 But deem'd surmises of imagination;

This it was rayn'd on the yearth, and prayd on me,
 T'was this which I esteem'd a heauen before,
 And more infernall cannot any be,
 For hell is but extreame, yet this was more:
 And we ner know what it is in heauen to dwell,
 Vntill we know what it is to liue in hell.

O could my wordes expresse in mourning sound,
 The ready passion, that my mynde doth trye,
 Then, greefe all eares, all senses would confound,
 And some would weepe with me, aswell as I:
 Where now because my wordes cannot reueale it
 I weepe alone inforced to conceale it.

O, and alone, let me weepe myne owne fortunes,
 Peculier to my selfe, am woe begone:
 Me whom it euer secretly importunes
 As willing I shoul'd weepe my fate aloane:
 O therefore weeping let me liue and dye,
 For none can weepe so worthie teares, as I:

SHORES WIFE.

61

Well may some sorrie, greenedly supposing,
Suggest a passion excellently strange:
And in true Acte pittifully disclosing
An inward greefe, neere at my fortunes range:
But none can Acte greefe in complaint so right
As he that is him selfe agreed by't.

O God what error is in natures will,
That nature so vnkinde, so bad should be,
The poore improuident should endure such ill,
As through securitie not this ill to see,
For had I seene before what now I try,
Or I had fear'd to liue, or learn'd to dye.

But ill brookes th'high aspiring thoughtes surmise
Coward respect of vulgar education:
And hungering greedinesse of attempting eyes,
Deeme nor deuine their after alteration,
But minde their mindes will, not their owne condition
Thus mads th'aspiring in her mindes ambition.

This was my fault had worthie fortune by it,
And worthie was it, since I could not see,
How discontent is ordinarie quyet,
To wakefull mindes, that n'er contented be.
To ioye the sweet meane of a low content,
But mount so high they after must repent:

Had I bin fayre, and not allur'd so soone,
 To that, at which all thoughtes leuell their sadnesse
 My sunbright day had not bin set ere noone
 Nor I bin noted for detected badnesse
 But this is still peculiar to our state,
 To sinne too soone, and then repent too late.

But euen as soard the feathered boy so highe,
 (Reaching his infant thoughtes vnto the sonne,)
 By whotter rayes, in all his hight he did dye,
 And gain'd his prides meede ere his pride were done:
 So I vnto the low was made the nighest
 Whilst now I thought I ouertopt the highest.

For now rain'd tyrannie in ambitious throane,
 A true borne infant-bloud-spilling murtherer:
 Vsurping monster, yet contrould of none,
 Fowle guilts Appeale, and mischiefs furtherer,
 Proud Richard Gloster in his pride I saw
 Acte all thinges at his will: for will was law.

He sayes (and then he shewes a withered arme
 Dryde at his byrth-day lame and uselesse still)
 Quoth he 't was thou by charmes wroughtst me this harme
 And therefore doomes me to his tyrant will:
 For neuer is th'offended mightie Armelesse
 To wreake his furie on the hated harmelesse.

SHORESWIFE

47

Beare hence quoth he (and there with all reflected
Fire sparkling furie from incensed eyes,
Whose madding threat his lunacie detected,
And told me he was taught to tyrannize)
And then agayne in more incensed rage
He cries, beare hence this monster of her age.

When loe the seruau't sworne performeth on me,
Th' unwilling office of a greened sorrie:
And whilst he yet layes forced handes upon me
Noting my bewtie, and my bewties glorie
He does his duetie: yet his lookes doe shew,
He craueth pardon for his doing so.

For what eye fram'd to enuie and disdayne
Would not inforce the hart to shake the head,
When that pure mayden blush that did destayne
My purple cheeke with faine't vermillon red,
Seem'd constant sayre not chang'd for threatning will
But scarefull true and modest comely still:

I seem'd unwilling that the tyrant should
By force of will haue tyrant-like compel'd me
And therefore made the litle shift I could
To burst aw ay out of their armes that held me,
But as I struggled bewtie grew the more,
Which scene, they held me faster then before.

And

SHORES WIFE.

And those unwilling handes that prayd vppon me
 (Happie they held me to behold my bewtie)
 Imbraste me faster with still gazing on me,
 To feede their eyes-listes not performe their duetie
 For had it bin in them I am assured
 Such tyrant lawes I should not haue endured.

But he, whom hell nurst-furie hath infected,
 Threats death to them, and me that him offended
 And from his knitted browes horror reflected,
 Th'iraged doome his fellon thoughtes intended:
 Impatient, moodie, mad, and full of yre,
 He sweares by heauen that shame shalbe my hyre,

Posteritie sayes he (and then agayne
 The knit waynes of his proudly-looking browes
 Swelling with mallice, and extreame disdain,
 Like to anyrefull bore he proudly bowes)
 And sweares by hell heauie reuenge shall dase
 Th'incenst displeasure of his falling hate,

Posteritie shall know thine Acte (quoth hee)
 And then he bids that my attyres be rent,
 And termes the habit unbesitting mee
 A Sorcer witch full of her fowle intent:
 And that which wordes for anger could not say
 A furious acte in iesture did bewray.

When

SHORES WIFE.

When I rest of my habite and attyre,
 Stood yet as modest, as a mayd should be,
 Bashfully feared with the new admire,
 Of this base tyrants vanishing of mee.
 Who not content with this commandes that I,
 Be turn'd into the streets and begge or dye.

Euen as an angerie Bull incens'd with yre,
 Bellowing his menaces with a hollow rore,
 Impatient, madd, wanting his lustes desire,
 Augments his madded fiercenesse more and more
 And yet no quyet any murther brings
 Although he prayes upon a thousand thinges.

So vnappeas'd, vnquyet, mad, and yrefull
 Rages th'insatiate furie of his will:
 And in his looke, fierce, wan, and pale, and dyrefull
 He seem's impatient, moodie, madded, still,
 And not content with this disgrace to greene me
 He sayes that all shall dye, (that dare relieue me.)

(Then from the Court, the martir doome of mee,) I
 All solitarie, alone, forlorne, I went
 Thether where discontentment I did see,
 Threatning my miserie ere my dayes were spent
 And needie want as naked as was I,
 Told me that thus perplexed I should dye.

When I vnapt to frame a lyer-tale,
 Vnapt to craue my bread with beggar prayer,
 My poore discountinanst lookt all wan and pale
 Through hangers nature wayned from her fayre
 I could not: O shame would not then that I
 Should begge at all but rather choose to dye.

And yet necessitie did wadge constrainte,
 To brooke th' impatience of her proper will,
 Whilst silence breaking out to no complainte,
 In secret passion hid her sorrow still:
 And shame with fearefull blush all green'd did cry
 And wist she did but know but how to dye.

Nor could remembrance of my high degree,
 Brooke my resorting into publicke place:
 For I did sigh as oft as I did see,
 Or thincke that any thought on my disgrace
 And who dispayres in such a kinde as this
 Thinckes that the whole world knoweth all amisse.

But o, why doe I thus wearie prolong,
 The wofull Tragedie of my pleasures wayne,
 Suffices that I knew to bide the wrong,
 And brooke with patience what I did sustaine,
 Idly we greene when greeningly we plaine vs,
 For that must be perform'd that needes constraine vs.

SHORESWIFE

11

I can no more delate my further ill,
 T'is sooner iudg'd then told, the greefe is such,
 The wise iuditiall may if so they will,
 Sooner conceiue then I can say so much:
 Since so much now would call agayne the pryue,
 And those that tell greefe feele it for the tyme.

I must (quoth she) adresse my selfe to death,
 And therewithall, clasping her bandes in one,
 And wresting oft sighes with a deepe scachi breath,
 She panteth forth a poore complaining grone,
 When closing fast her eyes (first ope to heauen)
 She now seem's both of speech and life bereaued.

When toward death, fainting, and fearefull slow,
 Lookes on her sayre face, with a vultar eye,
 And nils him selfe his force vpon her shew,
 As doting fearefull she could neuer dye,
 And yet he would: and yet he doth dispayre
 And feares she cannot dye she is so saire,

And yet her toung now stil'd could say no more
 She panted, and she sigh'd, and gave a grone,
 And euen that bewtie was pure fayre before,
 Wayn'd with her liues expire, and now was none,
 Yet death suspected still, doth still dispayre,
 And sayes she cannot dye and be so saire.

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For

SHORES WIFE.

For euen as looketh at the sunnes late sitting
 A witherd lilly, dry'd, and saplesse quyte,
 And in her weakned leaues, inwardly knitting,
 Seem's dead: and yet, retaines a perfect white:
 So seem'd her face, when now her fayre did fall
 That death still fear'd she would not dye at all.

He saw't, and sigh'd, and yet he could not see,
 Cause to induce his hope-perswading eye,
 To thinke that there was any cause that shee,
 Could be so passing fayre and yet could dye:
 He thinckes the bewtious neuer life should loose
 And yet withall he thinckes, she should not choose:

O what a combat wrought her life and death,
 Both clayming interest in her end, to spill her,
 Life would not that the fayre should loose her breath:
 Death would not loose his right, yet would not kill her,
 But lookes upon her with a curious eye,
 Doubting (though she were dead) she could not dye.

At last, perswading palenesse seem's to say,
 O she is dead, her breathlesse sences fayled,
 Her life hath lost her ioy, her death his pray,
 And now nor her life, nor her death anayled,
 O then did any euer ought else trye
 Then life or death that maketh vs to dye.

Death

SHORES WIFE.

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Death tooke delight in her, untill she dyed,
 Life fed upon her lookes, he did so way her,
 Death and his life upon her end relied,
 And greening life likt her she was so fayre
 This lent her living: that prolong'd her breath,
 O then ther's something else that kills then death.

For he wisht that he were not death, she might not dye,
 Pittieng in this, he greeves he wanteth pietie,
 Tyrant in Acte, his will doth this deny
 That her death should conferme him in his diety:
 And rather then of life he would bereaue her
 He would giue leaue to all, to liue for euer,

Rather then she should not, he would not be,
 Or to a mortall being he would bow,
 So she might, all should liue as well as she,
 (For death did neuer doubt untill it was now)
 And yet by death if she might gained be,
 The world should dye and none should liue but she,

But as a Christall with a tender breath
 Receiues dim thicknesse, and doth seeme obscure
 So darkt with palenesse of a breath'd on death
 (If it were death that did this darke procure,)
 She seem's aliuie and yet ah she was gone
 And then life greew'd, and death did fetch a grone.

Yet would they part the remnant of her being
 Her body went to death : her fame to life
 Thus life, and death, in vnitie agreeing
 Dated the tenor of their sonderie strife,
 Death vow'd her body should be eyed neuer,
 Yet life bath vow'd her fame should live for ever.

FINIS.

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